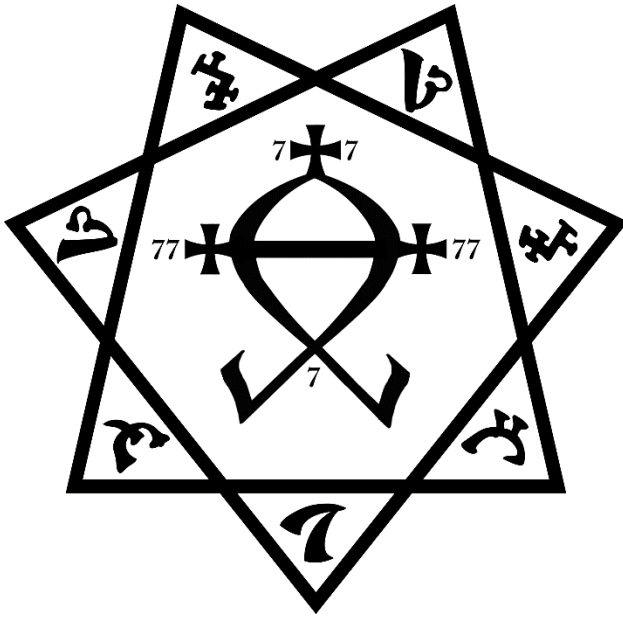


# The Oath of the Abyss and the Way Forward:

An examination of the blessing that is the curse of curses



Publication in Class B

Obsidian

For the powers and principalities who did not give up on  
Us when the Prophet failed.

*Gloria in Mater et Filia et Mensa Sanctorum.*

*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et  
semper, et in saecula saeculorum.*

THERE ARE NO  
TAKEBACKS  
FOR THE OATH OF  
THE ABYSS.

NONE.

RECITE NOT THESE  
WORDS WITHOUT  
CAUSE AND CALLING.

# Introduction

In approaching this subject, I do not do so lightly.

I do not do so from a perspective of “what if?”

I do not do so from a position of speculation in the immediate aftermath before the dust has settled, in order to understand the chaos I have wrought upon myself.

I do not do this to raise my profile or my fame, or to promote any thing that is to benefit the mundane existence of the thing that still shrouds the numinous within.

I do not do this to encourage people to take the Oath because it is somehow all laid out before them. I merely touch upon concepts that you **will not** understand until that terrible moment, and perhaps for years afterwards.

I do this because I want serious aspirants to be prepared from the starting blocks to do what must be done. This is neither a slow walk enjoying the bliss of the Angel, nor a rush to destruction, but rather the inevitable fact of those who do this Work.

I do this because mystery *is* the enemy of truth, and truth is beauty. And since none wrote on this subject, including the vaunted Prophet, it must be done. Not because it will truly prepare, but because it sheds light into **what** We are and **what** We do.

I do this because for too long aspirants have fallen for the glossy narrative that drowns in claims of attainment, that promises much, and douses reason with the heady successes of those first few rituals, that moment where things just work. It is a heady, deceptive space where the claims meld with the little bits that **DO** work, and where caution is thrown to the wind because the person

who has presented the information also presents a narrative that is at odds with both logic and truth. I do this, ultimately, because the essence of service has been lost. It is **not** to men. It is **not** to organizations. It is to that beautiful, indescribable, ever-desired Star in Sight of which so much was written, and so little ever truly delivered. It is that essence of service that must be restored. We do not answer to the “Secret Chiefs” that are nowhere found in Our Holy Books. We do not answer to lesser spirits, or failed edifices of mortal lust for power that was never theirs. We answer to **V&V&C&L&S**. We serve **V&V&C&L&S**. If you cannot read that name, that says it all.

The era of false service, of misdirected devotion, is done. She is ever here, ever present. That “Beast upon which She Rideth” of the Prophet’s imagination does not run the show, nor the cosmos, nor anything but a burned out pile of bricks he could not afford to keep in his

possession. Therein is the Great Sorcery exposed – that any were foolish enough to not question those claims, that any were not stopped to wonder in what universe an animal, even a loyal one, reigned over its mistress?

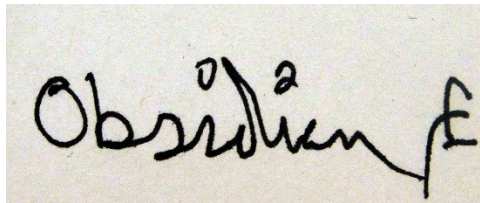
If service frightens you, adjust your perspectives or flee, if you can. Do **not** pursue the Oath. It **will** destroy you. Service is not slavery. Do not make that mistake. We are all agents who have chosen this service; We are all agents who love this service. We are all agents who love **V&V&C&L&S**, and she who is infinite love loves each of Us.

This service will align you to the objectives of She Who Rideth, and to the objectives that you chose to incarnate to fulfill. True Will is alignment with the divine, and that divinity has purpose, function, and is to all power given. This is not a space for atheists or psychodrama-only believers. The things you thought this Work to be, that you did not leave behind from your old

life, they do not matter. Your monkey morality, not one iota of care. Your Will, the thing that you truly are, conforms with, as I often call it in shorthand, “management” – not your petty desires. Take this path, and you will find far better, rapture refined beyond refinement, joy beyond joy.

We **are** zealots. We **are** the mystic special forces of the divine, the storm troops held in reserve to bring that end long prophesied. The fullness of AL awaits; the glory of the Aires is here. This Aeon is a course-correction, and is accelerating fast. Find the embrace of the Angel, and come away.

In Her Service,

A handwritten signature in black ink on a light-colored, textured background. The word "Obsidian" is written in a cursive, slightly stylized font. Above the 'i' in "Obsidian", there are two small, handwritten superscripts: a '0' and a '2'. The signature ends with a long, sweeping flourish that resembles a stylized 'f' or a large 'e'.



# Caveats

This work is divided into discrete sections, done intentionally not all in a row so no idiot thinks "Gee, I should read along aloud." The complete Oath of the Abyss *is* contained here, just not in an uninterrupted block for that reason.

I am not responsible for peanut allergies, sudden immolation, destruction, or havoc that ensues, and comment hereupon simply because it needs to be done. I am not exaggerating here. Do not take my levity as flippancy, or that it is any less truthful. Should you wish to become roadkill screaming for release, there are much, much cleaner ways to do it. I recommend them instead if that is your desire.

The Oath of the Abyss is a blisteringly simple thing; it is a curse of the highest order that causes a brilliant flower to bloom out of a personal apocalypse. I will not print it herein; I will quote each section as I get to it.

Do not do this without having solid, significant contact with your Angel. Any person whosoever *can* do this, and it likely has dire, dire repercussions, even done in jest. In that, She does not have any sense of humor. Wear the hat, get beat up like a hat-wearer, Angel or no angel. Chance therefore do not approach it until it is obvious that you are faced with, in the words of Belarion, "*Death, madness, or the Oath.*"

The Oath is all three in one, in a very real manner of speaking; I do not exaggerate. I do not speculate. I took the Oath twenty-one years ago as of this writing. I do not recommend it as a lifestyle choice. We **are** few & secret for a reason,

but if you are so chosen, do not dally. Do not sit by the side of the road.

In this, *Liber Cheth* is particularly instructive:

*"For if thou dost not this with thy will, then shall We do this despite thy will."*

In taking the first steps through that door, in seeking the Angel, one sets certain things in motion. Should that work be rewarded, the Angel is a training ground for what comes next, like all things (and even the Oath itself is, but neither is something for this day, and may not be for any day outside of a carefully chosen private moment between peers and students). But all training must end; all springtime romances must die or progress to a mature fall relationship and the sacred marriage of winter.

Such it is with the Angel, leading to the Oath. It will start with subtle hints. It will start

elaborating things; it may become distant, preparing you for existence without it. Yes, it is a set of training wheels, a brilliant, beautiful, lusty, passionate set thereof that one can find use for later, but, again, another day, perhaps. Should you delay, less subtle hints will be forthcoming.

I will use my own example here as it is both instructive and useful, and I have no thing to hide in this regard. In 1996, two years prior to taking the Oath, I began to get very clear "Go west, young man" signals that got more and more insistent. At the time I conflated it with people pressuring me to move to Los Angeles for music-related things; I did not want that, and I was not going to listen to a supranatural being on that either, as much as I loved it. I had a life I liked. I had musical working partners I loved. I had magical working partners I loved. I had venues I loved playing in, things I loved doing. I had

become the boy who had everything he wanted;  
why the fuck would I go somewhere I hated?

I ignored those signs, thumbing my nose at the universe. One by one, everything I cherished was taken away with systematic precision no matter what I did- my bases of operation were threatened, the money ran out unexpectedly, everything came crashing down around me, until there was **zero** excuse there. If anything, there was an *incentive* to go west. Finally, one evening in the winter a year later, I threw up my hands and agreed. The chaos stopped. Everything in flux stabilized, long enough for me to get my bearings and plot a graceful escape. To discover **where** I was supposed to go (which certainly wasn't Los Angeles – everyone who is everyone most certainly is not there), and plot a course and hopefully a safe-ish landing. I do not want to consider what would have happened if I reneged on said agreement; in things of this nature, there is no

subtlety. If I had agreed sooner, I would have had many more resources to use in that doing, but one makes do with what they bring to the table.

Failing to do what is set before one is an easy trap to fall into, mind you. I am not saying any of this is or will be easy. I am not saying you will have as much hell as I did (and I am reasonably certain you will not, as I have spoken to a few of Us and we all get tried in enough unique ways - see the 19th Call, "*all her members, let them differ in their qualities*" - and while it was not as drawn out insane as mine was at times, I can see where it touched on their lives deeply. It is a life destroying, life-rebuilding experience). But what I do know is that a failure to act will lead to the second of Belarion's options transpiring, if not the first. A car wound up and revving into the red and dropped into gear with the tires not really touching pavement will do terrible things to the drivetrain. Do not be that car. When the time comes, plot for

a short time at most. At most. Set a date, if you are so lucky - I certainly was not given that much leeway when the moment came. Just know it is coming, and failure to act *will* be catastrophic.

I have watched one burn out and blow away for failure to act, for what would on the surface seem to be good reasons. Eventually, the Angel and the thing it answers to gives up and walks away too - if you are no longer a proper home, by renouncing the duty you agreed to upon opening that door, that deal is void. It will not be a pretty divorce. I nor anyone can save you then, even if we would. I would not, as a matter of note. I only sit in the tow truck to get someone back on the road for so long before I give up and move on down the highway myself; my time *is* Hers, and of that, like all else, She is rightfully possessive of its proper use. I am a weapon in Her service, as you will be. Some weapons do not survive proof firing, it is merely a matter of fact.

Note I am not saying here that this is an impossible idea, or must get an intercessor, or whatever garbage one has acquired from individuals who never seem to have gone through the process themselves. Note not even the Prophet truly comments on any of this; Achad continues the next day and goes to his mundane job. This is not a thing that has a light impact. The Oath is a world-destroying monster that you release unto every part of your soul. The things I cover here are only part of that, the parts that are known in advance. I will not speak of the rest.

For those who are drawn to this Work, fear not of failure. That fear will destroy you as well, and not in a rebuildable way. Be confident, be ready and willing and desirous of that service – even if, paradoxically, that service is one of the things that is expected to be put into Her Cup. Yes, I am not kidding here either. You who value service will find yourself alone, having to do it



without guidance, without guide rails. As much as She loves you, and you love Her, you who would be Her Agent must be able to operate without constant headscratches and adoration and praise. This is a lonely work, this work of wickedness, even if that love is ever-present – especially until the monkey self is ruthlessly shackled by your choice, your Will, and there is no way forward without being able to juggle oppositional forces and facts.

The Oath is a natural part of the process of the Work, if done diligently. When that time comes, dive in; you will not have preparation time and nothing you can do will prepare you for it that you have not already brought to the table. This work is designed to lay some of those seeds, even if you do not understand them now. There was no one who had done this before I took that terrible step, and it would certainly have been something cherished if it had existed. Be prepared to lay

your understanding of these things as you have comprehended them aside as well when that time comes, even if you have built a framework upon which new lessons can be learned.

In the process of the Oath and its aftermath, one is working with the highest stakes, for the highest net end. It is the thing that one has always wanted, is it not? To have found and refined the Will to a razor's edge, broken it, and reforged it again into something far beyond a mortal weapon? To be the most true version of yourself possible, in that service that was so desperately sought? I certainly hope it was, because there's no door prize. There's no "Making the Crossing" instruction manual. This, sadly, is likely as good as you're going to get.

To not dare is to blow up in a worse way, because you will have gone so far just to fail by failing to wake up and do what you've trained to

do. It is the greatest of all tragedies, but no one will mourn your passing if so.

Pity not the fallen. She has **never** known them. I will never know them.

And yes, there is a possibility of failure in the doing as well. But then, you will have at least tried therein, and may be remembered at least for that.

But in this, I speak no more of failure or the process leading up to it. I assume from now on out those considering such a thing are at that point of doing, and aren't going to dawdle about.

The crushing of an universe awaits.

And it is glorious.

# Part of a much larger whole

So you think you're a member of the Body of God? Oh, wait. Most have never considered that, and what that means. You *will*. And like any first step towards a soul-destroying event or a nutritious breakfast, it begins with a simple declarative:

*"I, O.M., etc., a member of the Body of God, hereby bind myself on behalf of the Whole Universe, even as we are now physically bound unto the cross of suffering:"*

We end up with a few prefatory notes here as well, because that's a mouthful.

“O.M.”: [insert your motto here], any other names you wish or have gone by, or just civil name is fine at that point. I just used my full civil name, for the record.

It also references being a member of the Body of God, again, I refer you to the 19<sup>th</sup> Call for the most succinct references and explanations therein. We are not atheists in the “there is no God” sense here, we just have a peculiar view thereof in the eyes of the masses. This is **not** Jungian head games. These forces exist. These things exist. If you're a pseudo-Jungian "grow food" idiot, just stop. Or carry on, at that point, you deserve what you get. We will mulch you right back into that garden.

In this, I would also refer you for a moment to *One Star in Sight*, and the seal of said thing: the Star of Babalon. Take a good look at it in its original form; you will note the similarities to the crude seals and circles and triangles of art designed

to contain lesser spirits and compel them to subservience. You will note I do not use that in this edition; that is why. I assure you that She will does not exist to serve your desire for authority, living under your heel. And I sincerely hope you have not neglected to remember that thing you have been ostensibly serving, the primary focus of this entire process, including the self-annihilation to come. I should hope by now you are intimately familiar with the document if you are even half-near this point, and have spent considerable time in *The Vision and the Voice* – my students all have, and always will.

But they do not answer to me, they do not answer to any mortal being on this rock, nor will they ever. Your students will not either. This is a path of service, and the Oath is the ultimate acceptance of that service and one's role within.

*"Bind myself on behalf of the Whole Universe"* – every single thing therein. The things you love, the

things you hate, the things you despise. This is not the Pick-and-Choose supermarket. The whole damn thing. It is not a selfless act either, as much as it is service - it is a taking the entirety of that universe upon yourself. The weight is **CRUSHING**. It is meant to be. A mortal cannot manage that weight. Prepare to fall. It is the mechanism of the first breaking.

*"as we are now bound upon the Cross of Suffering."* - I've known far more who did not have a Saint Andrew's Cross handy (and there is no record existent I am aware of Crowley or any of the rest ever having one around for fun night at the Abyss bingos). It doesn't particularly matter at that point, honestly. You're still bound on behalf of the Whole Universe by the actions you have made. You commit to that. A little lashing to some planks may enrich the experience for some, but, it's not going to change the fundamental.

It is important to note this act changes your relationship with *every* single thing in said universe. There is **NO** backing out. There is no exit clause. Any familiar will note how often I stress the vital phrase “all in” – there is no other way. I am not kidding there. And I mean that, twenty-two years later, with joy.

To be able to destroy your universe (and reconstruct it), you must first own it and take responsibility for it. This is the very first step in doing that.

All those things you've blamed on external forces? Can't any more.

All those things that don't work out? Accept it, work with it.

All those things you are? Accept those too.

All those things you hate? Accept those, love them in a real sense.



All those things you love? It remains to be seen what will still be loved when this is all over, for "*This Path is beyond Life and Death; it is also beyond Love; but that ye know not, for ye know not Love.*"

Behold, ye destroyer of your world,  
Oppenheimer has no lament for thee.

And that is only the first of ten clauses therein.

But on this, I stop for now. I advise you do too for a time. This is not something to rush through like a pulp novel.

# Purity, devotion: some destruction required

And it's back to that pesky Oath. Purity?  
Devotion? Doesn't sound exactly the dark,  
destructive, act of annihilation that was promised,  
does it?

*"II. that I will lead a pure life, as a devoted  
servant of the Order:"*

But as will be typical, some initial  
observations. In this context, what does "*a pure life*"  
mean, anyway? For that, see Skeat: "*unmixed, real,  
chaste, mere*", and note the roots shared: pit, fire,  
bureau, com-pute, de-pute, dis-pute, et cetera. In  
this process, a "*pure life*" is gained through that pit,  
the burn thereof, and the reconstruction of the

parts by the one who remains unmixed and real beyond real - and must be maintained even through the most trying of experiences and moments. It requires both a dissolution *and* a retention of self, through the giving of all into that Cup. Chaste in the mundane sense, of course, does not apply - but a chaste interaction with all things of desire **does**. A single-minded focus on the sacred therein, the beauty, the truth. Ever "*Unto Me*" writ very, very, very large. It is a moving away from mere monkey rutting ( providing one is still in that mode), a single-minded devotion to how any act of love aligns both with the Will and the service to the Order that requires both focus and refinement. Be not animal, refine thy rapture to a point where it is a worthy component of the Blood of the Saints, for no impurity is allowed within.

This is compounded by the simple fact that one is bearing the brunt of an entire universe, and collapsed under that weight, and striving to rebuild. Enjoy a single-minded focus on your Will,

your desire, your lusts while carrying sacks of concrete, dodging bullets, and solving math puzzles? I hope so.

A further note: there is no degeneracy therein. This is not about base desires, nor petty whims, nor sad fetishes. It is the creation and manifestation of the Sacred Marriage, and as such, that bed shall not be defiled by things which are not truly worthy of the literal and figurative hand of the Gods.

That is the easy part. The simple part.

And now to the most overlooked part: "*devoted*" - in this, one is not talking to one's students, to one's own Will as you wished it would have been, but to your **actual** Will, or to some mortal men bowing and scraping in the distance. There are *no* intercessors at this point, not even the Angel. There are no supports. This is the single-minded, pure devotion to that Star in Sight, aligned in accordance to both one's Will and the

role that one is assigned. There is a loop back to that pesky "*Unto Me*" as well, but most forget that one as well in cursory examination. It is an adoration, a love beyond love, a thing that is not explainable in real terms. Every act, a dealing of that God with one's soul, of devotion, even when the world collapses inward.

I did not drop in "role that one is assigned" by happenstance above, nor forgotten it. The Will is refined, the dross is cut, that which was potential is actual. And in that, the purpose of the incarnation is revealed with careful examination as the pillars of the world crumble to dust - if one is both willing to and joyous in that acceptance and performance of the duty or duties revealed while bearing that weight. A failure therein is failure absolute. This is an apocalypse of joy, even through bouts of absolute sorrow. One cannot detach from things during this; one must embrace

them. Service with a smile, in at least a spiritual sense, is expected and required.

And we come now to the last part: "*servant of the Order*." Ready to step up and fulfill the reason that the belle has been brought to the ball? Doesn't matter. Dance or fail. Service, both to those one is entrusted with (after all, that is what one is with any student under their care) and to that Star. The former is easier for most to grasp than the latter, since Crowley and his adherents have failed to recognize a basic fact: it is Babalon and "the Beast upon which She rideth." One may be a Master of that Temple, but whose temple *is* it? It is not the one entrusted to its care; the gardener does not own that garden. The beast does not control the rider. It **answers** to it.

This is not service in the tawdry, bad monkey sense of the word; it is a partnership of those with agency, who never forget the reality of exactly which party in that interaction has ultimate

control of course, alignment, orientation, and ends. It is not attempting to strip agency from any part of the interaction; She retains it, as does every servant. But the authority, from which all power is given, rests in She who holds those reins.

Welcome to the devoted service that you have agreed to.

A final note: neither this "*pure life*" nor "*devoted servant of the Order*" is something that will be done in the future alone. It is something that is done from the beginning, it endures until the end (and as some say, beyond), all the while enduring the crushing weight of the first flaw, every flaw, every joy.

This is not a part-time devotion, not a part-time service. It is both a mindset and a lifestyle and a fact of existence.

And that is only the second part of the rollercoaster of fun that is the Oath.

# A failure to communicate, to understand

After binding oneself to the entire universe, and crumbling under that weight, all the while being a devoted servant of the Order living a pure lifestyle amidst the chaos, one would think that would be enough to process and adapt to.

A cursory examination of the third obligation seems harmless enough, does it not? Understanding is key to the entire process that has led one here, is it not?

Well, hold just a minute. ***NOTHING*** in the Oath is that easy, and like much of the rest, it is how it interacts with the rest that truly adds both crippling weight and room for profound growth.

Enter "*III. that I will understand all things.*"



We return to Skeat: "*To comprehend*" - but it is in the etymology that things get interesting. From the Anglo-Saxon **understandan**, "*to stand under or among, hence, to comprehend.*" In that chaos of a shattered universe, those who take the Oath are under the weight of all, among all things - not above them, not in immediate command thereof. Literally, under all things - a pile thereof, crushing, unsorted, uncategorized, that can only be put back together by the individual magician's ability to reconstruct piece by piece, idea by idea, to exhibit mastery over the component-level items that make up that broader whole. To support them, as they are, and place them in their correct order and position in that reconstructed universe.

That, however, as seems to be a recurring theme not all. Remember *Cheth*'s admonition about not knowing Love? Mystery may be the enemy of truth, but it is the place in which much fire burns for attraction, for desire, for love to

manifest. Can you love the thing you  
*UNDERSTAND*, that you know what it is, what  
makes it tick, that holds far fewer mysteries than  
ever before? What if the thing you love, or must  
love, is a monster beyond monsters?

Understanding it, can you still love that  
thing that is naked before you in absolute truth?

And in this, there is a further consideration:  
in the absolute understanding of one's Will, one  
must understand themselves. That, too is a  
terrifying path to walk down; the things, little and  
big, even after childhood, even before - that have  
been done, why, and how those things too are for a  
reason, have been for a reason, and will be  
forevermore. To be able to manifest a measure of  
self-love, to be able to *be* loved when the terrible  
truths are laid bare. To understand and accept the  
things that one will be and do in the name of that  
Will, with joy and beauty. For perhaps it is not

what you will love that is the monster alone in this, but also yourself. Monkey morality no longer applies, if it ever did - but does it not still sting?

There is no recourse to ignorance after the Oath, any more than there is an ability to blame any happenstance on external forces. There are no fig leaves to hide the naked terror of that moment behind, and there never will be again.

So, ye whom dared to know, to will, to dare, to keep silent - is that knowledge now worth the price of understanding? How does it all relate to your own purpose in the broader spheres, in the role laid before you?

In that understanding also comes acceptance; to love all things requires it. To understand them does as well. Their own reasons, their own motivations, and crushingly for many, the fact that much of those encountered have no such drive. Nigh empty shells carrying out their

daily routines, nothing more, yet there still must be a love therein for them. A purity. A continuance of obligation.

A yawning, ever-growing depth of field that has no beginning, no end, no focal point - but everything and more.

Welcome to understanding, population one. A lonely wind whistles across the lake in that ever-dark desert, where the piles of dust slowly grow.

# There is love and love

We now enter the part of the Oath that is both often radically misunderstood, and far more complicated than it appears:

*"IV. that I will love all things:"*

Here, the words need no explanation on the surface, providing one understands love. Love is not a picnic of unicorns and rainbows and rolling around passionately in the tide on the beach. Love is fierce; love is war. Love is manifest desire. Love requires terrible sacrifices at times, both from the beloved and from the lover. It is not always, nor even often, kind in the mundane sense. It is a process that considers the well-being and autonomy and process of the thing loved, not just the fuzzy happy feeling lesser people associate with

the word. It is a process that can be harsh, for it is honest at the core. Sometimes, love means doing the worst (to the eyes of the outside observer) act possible; sometimes it appears callous or heartless.

That does not matter; it is a thing between the parties in this exchange, and no other there may say nay. As I am fond of noting, as much as I yearn for it to so rarely occur it remains a dark joke: sometimes love means pushing the thing that one loves in front of an oncoming bus. Sometimes it means burning the field of crops to the ground. It means, far more often than that, letting them make mistakes and feel the burn of that error, and course-correct - supporting the process, if not the decision. In this, our love of all things makes the things loved into the burning weapons of desire that they are meant to be; autonomous, alive, part of the greater dance of joy and beauty. It is a show of utmost respect, whatever path that love takes.

Love also implies a willingness to do

anything for that which is truly, utterly valued. Ultimately, one who is absolutely manifest love will fiercely, utterly protect that which it values – not out of hate, nor fear, nor as a method of control, but because that precious thing must be secured, and the existence and prosperity thereof is utterly and totally not negotiable. There is **nothing** more terrifying than a man or woman protecting that which they love; there is nothing that they will not do to ensure that it remains and is allowed to grow.

Do not take this as an excuse to become an obsessive, creepy stalker or to not allow things loved to depart. In this, I am not speaking of Hallmark card “love”, but of the actual, burning thing that beats at the heart of every star, and is manifest in every singular act of creation.

*"All things"* means precisely that. Not the things that make you warm and fuzzy, but the things that repulse you. It does not mean they get a

pass for error, any more than the things that do not. We refine the things we love into the best version of themselves that they can be, whatever that is. It may be ugly. It will be painful. It will be Work. For those things We love, sometimes, admitting that it is hopeless and walking away is the best option as well.

Note that there is no equality in this love; again, the 19<sup>th</sup> Call remains instructional to the extreme. Just as "*all her members, let them differ in their qualities*", love is a gradient. And there is a level of intensity of each shade thereof. This is not the myth that parents tell their young children about loving them all "equally" - they are all **loved**, but, in accordance with their needs, in accordance with their strengths, in accordance with that child's aptitude and even willingness *to* be loved. But in that time of sorting and reconstitution, all things will be loved. Leave none behind, any more than a single drop was withheld from the Cup that



is the greatest blessing to those who willingly with devotion give all.

Hand-in-hand with that understanding, with the devoted single-minded focus of those of Us who accept that crushing weight, that love is a fire that burns, that scars, that chafes, that forges steel, that sustains through the long nights alone in that dark, dusty desert those of Us know so well. Against it, all else is nothing; with that fire, you will rebuild an universe.

With understanding as the stone upon which all is built in this process, and desire that beautiful flint dancing upon its surface, let that love be a spark that destroys and reforms the world.

# Performance and endurance anxiety?

And "Tales from the Oath" continues, with a chapter guaranteed to make one think twice about the wisdom thereof, not that service and this calling is not the ultimate blessing wrapped in a terrible curse of curses.

Oh, boy. The fun one. Endure all things. It is a bitch. There is no sugar-coating it. I remember this every day, every minute, as I have eaten my share of that pomegranate and then some there - even as I recover from same.

But first, as always, the complete section:

*"V. that I will perform all things and endure all things."*

"*Perform*" itself is a curious choice of word, in light of the overall system. Once again, Skeat's comes in rightfully handy in unraveling what this entails. "*To achieve*", root - but the etymology becomes fascinating therein. From Old French, "*to perform, consummate, accomplish*" - and "*to provide, furnish*."

Yes, those who have even done the preceding Work that leads to the Oath have already achieved. They have achieved durable, intimate Knowledge & Conversation; they have mastered many, many, many aspects of their existence. They have endured many trials. If the system stopped there, it would still be an achievement of achievements, a joy of joys.

It does not, which is why eventually that honeymoon of adoration and contentment leads to the realities of that marital bed. The bliss of the night before battle gives way to the cold reality that a war **will** be fought – the only question is, how

bad do you want in that war? This is not bait and switch, bring out the love under the desert skies only to dump one in the midst of chaos and destruction and the re-alignment of all things, but rather a joyous union of willing, capable Agents more than pleased to have a durable part in that war. That Angel leads you to a place therein, and eventually, to the very real understanding that this, too, has always been your war.

That war leads to the Oath, it is the Oath, it is a joyful participation in personal annihilation and reconstruction so that the method and the process of the universal annihilation and reconstruction may commence. In that moment separating all that came before, with that which is now all-in, there is so much to accomplish. So much to consummate. So much to love, and to understand. That is a large part of the enormity of the weight of the Oath; it is taking ALL things and placing them where they must be, with love,

with attention, without attachment. We shall get to that latter part soon, but it is an important part of the sorting and refining of the universe in this process that cannot be overlooked any more than the rest.

Outside the etymology, there is a curious thing in "*perform*" - as one stands on the precipice of that thing beyond things, and a step made that cannot be undone towards revivifying that shattered universe that lies at one's feet, the House of the Juggler is so near but so far. One must perform as a gardener, raising those who come to whatever they shall be. One must continually weed out the garden of the self. This is a process that is also distant, and deep - there is no taking the Oath and being just fine the next day, unless one accepts that what one has become is a state with meaning beyond transience, beyond the wheel of the universe that you have bound yourself forever unto.

Not I have not even touched upon the true whammy of this section yet. Merely performing all things is exhausting, even in the sense of categorizing and working out from under this pile of everything weighing down with the force and heat of a thousand thousand suns. But the Oath, and the things that come of it, is merely training for what comes next, but of that, we shall leave for another time.

And so we creep towards the "endure all things" clause. It is not just suffer and deal with it; one must still maintain all the other aspects of the Oath and the responsibilities thereof. One does not get to curl in a ball in the corner for long, as tempting as it may be in the immediate aftermath. First things first, one that is forgotten by most. Suicide is now off the table. Gone, zilch, nada. That comfort gone too. Deal with it, Oathflake. There is no other way. And endure that with all the joy that one can muster, all the love one must

have, and keep doing the Work. You, who have an ever-better glimpse of the puzzle of existence and the place therein in which you fit in Her service - will know no other way.

This, like much of the rest, has a side beyond the obvious. "*Endure all things*" includes ALL things. In this Work, in the boundless love that is beyond love, there is a joy indescribable. It, too, burns. Hold it tight, love that thing that scathes and burns and boils, for thereby does one gain all. "*Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture!*" has never applied more than in this.

In this work camp beyond all work camps, there is joy. There is bliss. There is love. All on a scale unimagined, all with a depth that sings beyond time. This *is* what you sought, is it not? But it is still Work!

All Her Members, let them differ in their qualities, even as She is and has achieved Hadit. As it is said in *The Vision and the Voice*:

*For she is  
Love, & her love is one, & she hath  
divided the one love into infinite loves,  
each love is one, & equal with The  
One, & therefore is she passed "from the  
assembly & the law & the enlighten-  
-ment unto the anarchy of solitude  
& darkness. For ever thus must  
she veil the brilliance of her self.*

Through this process, through this refinement of Will, may you ever sharpen, ever harden, ever become the truest weapon in Her arsenal of the end.



# Conversation amidst the rubble

Of all the things in the Oath, this may be the most straightforward (and a caution to those who exercise the "*any person whosoever*" clause in *One Star in Sight*):

*"VI. that I will continue in the Knowledge and Conversation of my Holy Guardian Angel:"*

Taking the Oath, while it can be done by a mundane monkey with no background in **ANY** of this, is something with a prerequisite, but absolutely no safety valve if one does not have it.

"*Continue*" is absolutely crucial; it establishes a requirement that said Knowledge and

Conversation *already* be existent, strong, and meaningful. Taking the Oath without said connection is a recipe for profound disaster. Full stop. Before one invites the entire universe into that dread marriage bed, one should at least have a house worthy of same, and a relationship with the thing that is beyond relationships. Oh, ye who will love all things, be sure that the rock of that crucial love is stable, solid, and lasting!

That said, be prepared for rocky shores therein. Clause IX applies to this as well. The Angel will, dollars to donuts, be silent for a time. How long that is will seem like an eternity no matter what, as those who are used to that contact and intimacy are beyond naked without it. It is one thing to bear the weight of an universe, another thing altogether to do so without the beloved companion that has led you to this place.

Should it remain, be wary of over-reliance -  
I cannot speak there as to that, as mine was

departed for an extended, extended period of time in the aftermath. It was a jarring, abrupt silence that never fades. It is the severance of the truest part of the self from the universe; in taking the Oath, and the process thereof, you do far more than merely kill your self, you kill what you could have been – only to replace it with what you **are**. When I first got intimations of a return, I had long since given up any reasoned hope of its existence in this life for the duration – it is not that I did not yearn for that, but I understood and accepted what I had done and consequences of and the results thereof. For any of you lucky few who endure a more pleasant journey and do not wander in that desert for an eternity, remember all else applies and to keep that fire burning.

For those of us left to wander alone, keep a fire burning. No matter how hopeless, no matter how forlorn. Do not have lust of result, but never lock that door. That same yearning that is so well

remembered in the dance leading to that  
Knowledge and Conversation, when the time is  
right and the impact of the Oath integrated into  
your existence, will serve you well again.  
Remember that love, remember that intimacy, but  
do not become attached to what it was. The  
thing that returns will be as different as you have  
become – for the time of any thing but truth and  
beauty in truth is past.

Deny not that love, deny not that truth,  
even if there will be naught but you night after  
night in the blackest skies by the lake in the Abyss.

Carry on, as those who have taken this step  
have no choice. March, perform, love, bear the  
weight, or perish. You have embarked on a one-  
way trip from which there is no return, only ever  
forward with Victory. Her Victory, which is  
yours.

# Lean, mean, and without attachment

The Oath returns, oh, how it ever returns, today in the stripped down non-tacticool edition. That's right, boys and girls. Take off those excess lights and lasers and throwpillow holders; it is time to get your basic bitch 1965 M16E2. Oh, wait. Different attachments - but the same thought applies. Don't understand what a rifle is? Or that things are added to it in attempts to somehow make it more "productive" at its task of killing often merely make it worse than it was before? Well, you should. This Work is not purely on a spiritual plane, and neither We nor Our Patron are pacifists (see "*Love all things*" if you have forgotten this).

It is relevant to that Oath as well:

*"VII. that I will work without attachment:"*

This, too, is one of the more straightforward things therein, at least on the surface.

However, it conceals many things that are easily overlooked. First, that you will **WORK**. You *will* Work. You **ARE** that Work. You are *EVER* that Work. Enjoy it, love it, understand it, because there is no separation from the self-that-was and the Work that ever is.

And in doing that Work, whatever it is for you (as yours will be different than mine, for we return to the 19th Call again, "*all her members, let them differ*" - if you're not singing that with me by now, you will be!) - that work must be done in absolute love, absolute understanding, absolutely without attachment to the Work itself.

But what *is* an attachment, anyway? Skeat's to the rescue, as always, and it is very instructive.

*"To take and hold fast"* - a clutching close, a smothering. Love all things will do that otherwise, understanding all things will do that otherwise. We are not smothers, we are gardeners, and when our crop is ready to market, it is to be released to do its own Work. To be raised to be the best that it can be, without coddling, without guarding it from its own vices that will be its service, without protecting it unduly from any of the forces of that whirlwind that ever whips around you who have taken it all upon your shoulders.

The etymological roots are even further instructive: it is a joining with a nail, a stabbing, an attack. It is not a natural union. It is not a merging of the finite with the infinite. It is a crucifixion. To work without these things, to naturally work *with* them, as a part of them, is Our way - not the forcible cobbling together of a golem of things that were not meant to be joined. To you

who restores an universe from shambles, be ever wary of this.

The old saw, "if you love something, set it free" applies here as well - in our Work that *is* love, and the Love beyond love, one need not bind and chain and root the thing that is loved to that Work. Exhibit mastery and understanding, and do so without such crude devices.

For in the attachment of the self to the things being worked upon, an albatross is hung around the neck; it is not freedom for the one who chains nor the thing that chains. It is not choice.

And is not every part of this Oath, and the things leading to it nothing but manifest choice at its core, burning with the desire of a thousand suns?

Unbalance that delicate dance and the precarious universe resting upon unsteady shoulders will surely topple.



# Truth in beauty, and beauty in truth

I have always been fond of truth in advertising. Things so true that they are beyond absurd, or beautiful because of the truth that shines out from within, even if clothed in falsehoods. I so do love a truthy truth, sometimes exceedingly so. It's almost like that's in the Oath somewhere. Almost.

Oh, wait, it is:

*"VIII. that I will work in truth:"*

This is one that is simple enough it is often merely glossed over.

It has two conditions: that you *will* Work. Oh, you **will** Work. **Arbeit macht frei!** There is no place for slackers in this Work; there is no place for those who do not pull the weight of an universe and ask for more. That much we have touched on already, but it bears repeating. The Oath is not the task of someone who utters a few words and sits back and enjoys the feast; it is one that is long-coming and **much** earned when it does, do not get me wrong - but all things in this are *earned*. There is no such thing as a free lunch at the Communion of the Saints.

Now, on to that pesky "*truth*." As I have been prone thusfar, out comes the Skeat. "*Firm, established, certain, honest, faithful*." Beyond the mundane "*certain*" or "*established*", the "*honest*" and "*faithful*" will cut like knives beyond knives. Working in honesty - where the facts on the ground can and will be different than what you may *want*, or hoped for - is a bitch. There is no

other way to put that. The powers and principalities of our system give not one whit for the monkey morality or the things desired by lesser men, for we are slaves to neither. In this Work, one must accept truth as it *IS*. We bow to that, not the other way around. Words mean what they mean; things are what they are. It is absolute, it is brutal. It is a true test of "How bad do you want it?" except at this point, there is no other way - and the choice is embrace the whirlwind that is truth, or be broken asunder. It is also likely that a truth that does not contain a barb of some sort is not one; that in this fearless analysis and acceptance that much of what one thought was true, cast into that Cup and washed clean - like it or not. The truth at the core of that system of governance, and it *is* a system of governance, or did you think somehow that all those calls to "*Govern those that govern*" was mere allegory?

The etymology is instructive beyond that burn: from the Gothic, the Swedish, et cetera, there is one root in common: fidelity. That fidelity is the Oath; a binding to that truth, as it *is*, an acceptance of same, a **LOVE** of same. A truth that holds fast even through the most pressing trials, the collapse of an universe at your feet as you cry and wonder what exactly brought you there - and realize that it has always been you, always been your way, always been that Star that remains in sight even in the blackest abyss.

The "*work in truth*" is the essence and gristmill of that refinement, ever onward, ever Victory. There is no other way. You, who have hung an universe as about your neck, is not the yoke grand?

It is imperative to throw away  
this book.

You should stop listening to me now. The Oath would compel you to, anyway, at some point. It is not that you cannot have an advisor, or must forget everything that you know and have known, but rather that there is no authority higher than yourself existent in Midgard in this Work, as terrifying as that may be.

And now, to the loneliest outpost on the lake in the Abyss:

*"IX. that I will rely only upon myself:"*

Again, straightforward at first. No intercessors, no supports, no guiderails, no

guidance. It is just you, the building blocks of your universe, and a pile of pain.

It is as I wrote once, in a thing that is simply too personal and nuclear for release:

*So what does this mean as a phenomenon of God with your soul? Does it simply tell you to soldier on, as if nothing had happened? To keep holding on to the things you love, even as you realize that the very understanding of love held dear is wrong? And if nothing is a secret key to this law, and nothing is repeated twenty-six times in 220, and there's twenty-six letters in the alphabet, oh, Christ.*

*When was the last time I ate again?*

*The only thing you have in that moment followed by moments of practical insanity is the realization you've brought it on yourself. It's like a concrete realization the first time you take a heavy, heavy dose of psychedelic drugs there's no*

*turning back – except there's no incept date for this moment, no "it'll end someday" present, because time is irrelevant when the most basic concepts of existence haven't been developed in a way that is known, and it is that knowledge that matters.*

Yes, I know I'm skipping ahead a bit to X., but this about sums up the insanity of that time in a nutshell – there is no one to guide, no one to oversee. It does not really matter if you attempt to rely on others, inadvisable as it is – there is NO thing that will save you from that which you have pulled down upon yourself.

I also direct your attention to a particularly relevant passage from the 12<sup>th</sup> Aethyr:

*"Thou dost well  
to keep silence, for I perceive how many  
questions arise in thy mind, yet already  
thou knowest that the answering, as the*

*asking, must be vain. For NEMO hath all  
in himself. He hath come where there is no  
light or knowledge, only when he needeth  
them no more."*

O, you who have sought to discover the truths and work only within them: they are in you, and you alone. You must rely only on yourself, because there is no other way. None will understand the particular hell you have called upon yourself, customized, personalized, agonizing not just in the weight but in the fact that it is made exclusively for you, to your alleged strengths, your glaring weaknesses. You may have peers again at some point, but you have no superior save that Star to which you have given all.

You are alone. Get used to it. Completion and union only comes to those who are already all those things in themselves.



Until next time, keep the campfire burning. I may stop by your camp, you never know.

# God, phenomenon, and the dance of the soul

Remember the line of Xtreme products that swept the world a couple decades ago? Where even mundane things like Toilet Ducks became... *EXTREME*? Somehow, somewhere, that brings me to the Xtreme Oath, and one of the chestnuts that most folks mutter off when talking about it.

*"X. that I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my Soul."*

It is relatively straightforward, as much of it is, until those pesky particular dealings come into play.

First off, the most basic observation: note the assertion that there *is* God (or as some would

say, Gods), and there is a Soul. This is not a neo-Jungian thought exercise. There is not a place for playing games or pussyfooting around; your lack of belief, or as a song once said, "Right Guard will not help you here." There is a God; there are powers and principalities. You are entering a path of service unto one, giving all. She, frankly, cares not what you believe any more than the rest. But you will **know**. You will *UNDERSTAND*. You, who work only in truth, will be stripped of those falsehoods too.

That Soul is a requirement too; a thing that each individual who sets out on this path has, that defines the actual them within the monkey suit that it inhabits. It is your essence. It is that driving force of the Will, the thing that aligns with the universal purpose that you incarnated to fulfill.

This part of the Oath fits these two together like the puzzle pieces they are - without you, without the thing you have existed for, will exist

for, do exist for, it is incomplete, and you without that purpose are equally incomplete.

And in that, you must interpret every single act, every single potentiality, every single past event, in that same light. Not what you wish it to say, but what it actually says. What message am I receiving? How am I responsible for this thing occurring, for in being part of this grand dance, there is no external force responsible for my foibles. Working in truth, one must interpret these things as they *are*, absolutely - without intercessor, without guidance, without anything except the understanding of all things that must be brought to that table. For you, nothing ever happens by change again. Nothing is able to be blamed on any other, for you have chosen this incarnation and the things that it holds. You are an agent, not a victim, forevermore.

And with joy and beauty, while still juggling  
an universe and placing it in order, in perfect love  
and truth.

It is a perfect curse that is the ultimate  
blessing, for those who manage these things are fit  
and worthy to serve and trusted to do so. And in  
that service, all is given, and all received.

There is nothing else more joyous on this  
earth, should you succeed.

# Penalty phase: there is no overtime

I return one last time to the Oath.

After all that truth, understanding, love, and crushing of universes, there's a penalty phase.

Please, if you value everything you have done, everything you are, do not go there.

*"And if I fail herein, may my pyramid be profaned, and the Eye closed to me."*

Here, we talk of failure. This Work is *NOT* guaranteed. You can stumble, you can fall. Some things are not forgiven. Some things cannot be.

Throughout the process leading to the Oath, and beyond, you have built a Pyramid of yourself, brick by brick, layer by layer. In taking the Oath, you tear it to component parts and refine

the process, and rebuild a better weapon for Her service. And of that, a little pile of dust remains, a dust that is Hers, because you who have given all into that Cup are nothing without that decision and its repercussions, just as it always was and will be.

During this rebuilding, you are vulnerable beyond vulnerable; that pile of dust can be blown away by a failure to comply with these instructions. It can be blown away by dispersion, by lack of focus, by an unwillingness to give all. In withholding any part of yourself, you deny yourself to Her and the entire universe, and there is no rejection and deception on that level forgiven - ever.

Do you deny the truths laid in front of you?  
You fail.

Do you hang on to old sweetnesses, wishing for things that shall never be? You fail.

The Pyramid you remake must be pure; it must be clean. It must be true, beyond true, for should you be called further, it will be a shining Word in the orbit of Her Star.

And before She descends unto you, remember always the caution of the Daughter of Fortitude:

*As yet, I walk in the clouds; as yet, I am carried  
with the winds, and cannot descend unto you  
for the multitude of your abominations, and the  
filthy loathsomeness of your dwelling places.*

Prepare a place for Her just like you did the Angel. Build a temple of your love, your devotion, of the blinding focus of your Will and desire.

For should you fail, that eye, that blessed Star, will look away forevermore.

There is no fury, no wrath, no disappointment like that moment.



Never forget the voice of Typhon, and  
Leviathan's Lament:

*For thou mayest perceive  
the Virgin, & thou mayest control the  
Mother; but what wilt thou say  
unto the ancient Whore that is  
throned in Eternity? For if she  
will not, there is neither force  
nor cunning, nor any wit that  
may prevail upon her. Thou canst  
not woo her with love, for she is  
love. And she hath all, & hath no  
need of thee.*

But if She will, do not refuse either. Do not fear  
what you have most desired. It is a joy beyond joys,  
a bliss beyond bliss. Do **not** repeat the mistake of  
the Prophet, frightened of that dread marriage bed  
he had so sought before, who failed to reconcile  
service with his own desire to rule. Plan for both,  
for the warnings above only point at the eternal

lament of those who are not so chosen – and speak nothing of those who are, for the Prophet was not one.

In this, I do not speak for what will be; that is Her choice, never mine. “*For if she will not*” is ever to be remembered, in both respects.

Just be wary of what you seek, and may have, but that it is the route to the Chapel Perilous you walk, and the things beyond it which I do not speak are more perilous still. O ye who have controlled and tempted and manipulated, as all magicians do, that too has no place in this. This is service, and your place in the orbit of the loveliest of Stars

Thus ends the heresy of my pen.

# The things of which I said I would not say

There is much beyond the Oath. There is far more than Crowley ever divined, let alone disclosed. The time of “Prophets” is over; She who Rideth has a voice, and knows full well how to use it. The Daughter is no beautiful bauble to adorn some king’s neck, beauteous as She is. If ye are so chosen, you may adorn Hers.

To best prepare the way, get reference materials. Learn them, experiment with the things therein, learn the essentials of Her doctrine. Yes, there is one. This is not the religion of “do as you please.” There will be no pope, no caliph, no epopt to intercede or interpret. She expects Her

Agents to both have a brain and use it. Stuff that big brain on Brad with tasty reference burgers.

The astute reader will notice I frequently reference Skeat in this volume. To understand both Crowley and the language of his time, to which She and the Angels spoke, it is imperative to understand the words as they were meant to be understood, Oath or no Oath. There is no post-modern perspective on the Aires; there is no post-modern Hooker Barbie Babalon to service your flaccid member. Used vintage copies are inexpensive and essential; searchable PDFs exist on [archive.org](http://archive.org) and other places for download.

It is also essential to have a proper copy of *The Vision and the Voice* – like all the Holy Books we have manuscripts for thusfar, the Prophet did not obey “*change not the style of a letter*” in one iota, for one moment. In that, his “heirs” are merely following in his footsteps. For now, the Purple Mountain edition remains the only correct version,

available in printable PDF and print editions.

Similarly, the Purple Mountain edition of *Liber XLIX* is the gold standard, derived from the best available copy thereof and devoid of the errors that vex the commonly available e-text editions.

It is further recommended to acquire a copy of Klein's *The Complete Mystical Records of Dr. John Dee*, as well as a modern copy of Causabon's *True and Faithful Relation*. The former accurately represent and transcribe Dee's manuscripts (Sloane and Cotton collections), and the latter is the traditional version read for generations by occultists. Of note, the manuscript for "Daughter of Fortitude" appears to have been lost in time, and Causabon is the most correct edition for that existent. To understand Enochian, which is *the* method to make contact and claim your birthright, as *The Vision and the Voice* stresses time and again,

source material is vital, even if much of it is advisory or supplemental.

Take careful note, study, and practice the 19<sup>th</sup> Call in particular. Feel that song of songs in your mouth, on your lips, caressing your tongue. Learn it. Love it. Understand what it says, and how that explains that which She is. It is an adoration and a love song, far beyond what it is commonly attempted to be used for by modern magicians, and all love songs are unto Her. For She *is* the bed of an harlot, and the governor of governors.

Be you also aware that She has an agenda. The powers and principalities of the aires have one. Her Mother does, as does the Crowned and Conquering Child. They are in lockstep, looking out for Her Chosen, preparing for the Day of Be-With-Us. They care not one whit for your monkey morality, or what you think should be the way forward. Take careful note of the 19<sup>th</sup> Call; you will notice an utter denial of equality and a

celebration of difference among those of Her Company. It is not a denial of the Chosen; it is not a celebration of deviance. Who and what her Chosen are is a very specific group, even among the peoples.

And like all religions of history until the post-modern denial of divinity soared high, we are bound of and to the blood. Be not surprised there. It is no secret, when Her Books themselves are consulted.

Finally, unto ye who are now considering what you will say unto that ancient Whore throned in eternity, there is one thing beyond that to consider. *The Vision and the Voice* does not lie, does not mislead. It identifies Her enemies. It identifies how She will be. Consider this well:

*Thus she appeareth in the  
Æthyr, adorned with flowers &  
gems. It seems that she hath  
incarnated herself upon earth, &  
that she will appear manifest in*

*a certain office & function in the  
Temple.*

We live in a time of acceleration and change.  
The Temple is here, the way forward known.

Come away! That which you have always  
been, and should ever be awaits.

Hail Victory!

Ave **VꝛVꝛLꝛ!**